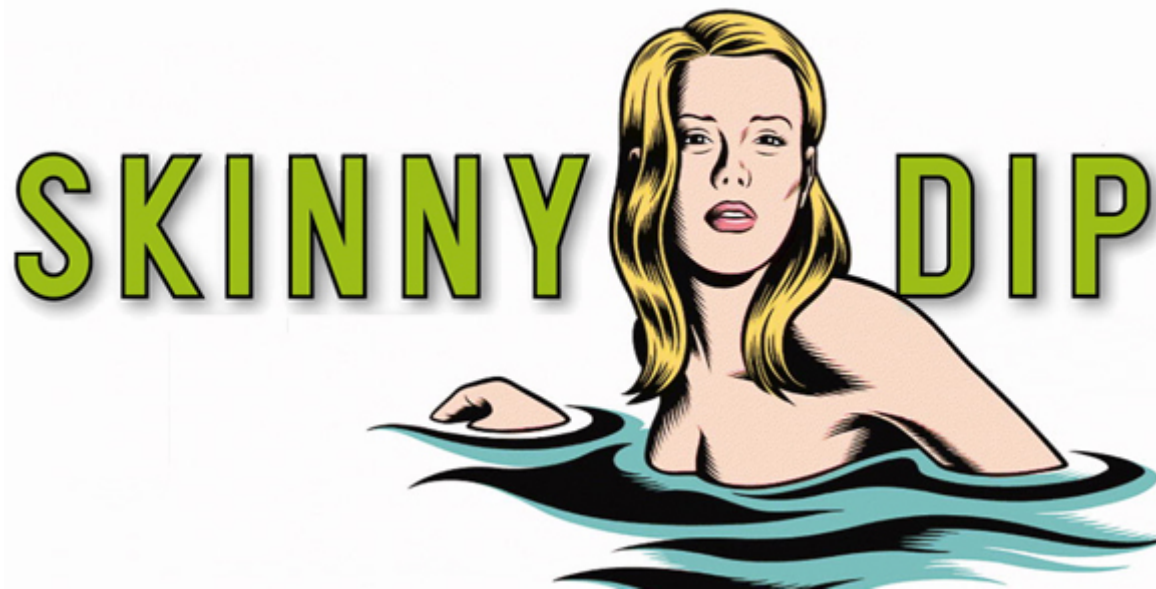




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Based on the Novel by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SUN DUCHESS CRUISE SHIP - UPPER DECK - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A beautiful teak hardwood floor. Incongruously, rain drops splash the surface.

JOEY (O.S.)
Wait! Where are you going?

CHAZ (O.S.)
Just come on--

JOEY PERRONE, mid 20s, stumbles into view, spilling her wine as she slips on the slick wood. She is a woman with class, a woman with edge, and a woman with a shitty husband named CHAZ (late 20s), on a shitty anniversary cruise, getting soaked by a shitty night time storm...

JOEY
Chaz! It's pouring--

CHAZ
I know, it's perfect! There's nobody up here--

JOEY
For a reason. Let's go back inside--

CHAZ
This is going to be good. I promise--

Joey struggles to get her heels off, then carries them as she follows.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
(peers up at the sky)
There was supposed to be a full moon tonight. Over here--

Chaz races toward the railing like an excited kid.

JOEY
What, like it's not raining over there?

CHAZ
I had a thing. Kind of a big, romantic gesture. For our anniversary--

JOEY
Thought you did that gesture an hour ago.

CHAZ
Not *that*. Come here...

Chaz keeps walking towards the railing.

JOEY
What are you--? Where are you going?

CHAZ
Joey, look out there...

Joey peers out over the open ocean. Total darkness.

JOEY
What am I looking at? It's nothing.

CHAZ
Exactly. Huge, vast nothingness.
That goes on forever. Makes you
realize how insignificant we are--

JOEY
You're drunk.

CHAZ
Maybe. But it just makes everything
feel kind of... small. You know?

JOEY
I don't know. What you're talking
about. At all.

CHAZ
I mean, in this great big world, of
endless oceans and billions of people
who've been here forever... who are
we, really? Nobody cares, right?

Chaz downs the rest of his wine.

JOEY
Chaz, you're getting weird--

Chaz grabs her face and kisses her. Then surprisingly, he
kneels down. Joey laughs --

JOEY (CONT'D)
What are you doing-- we're not
renewing our vows after only two
years--

CHAZ
Nope.

Suddenly Chaz grabs Joey by the ankles, and does a standing lift like he's throwing a log in a strongman competition--

--Sending Joey toppling over the railing --

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

A literal "fish eye" POV as...

JOEY'S BODY FALLS from an impossible height...

SPLASH!!! And she disappears into the inky black depths...

EXT. SUN DUCHESS CRUISE SHIP - SUN DECK - NIGHT

BACK ON CHAZ - peering over the rail as solitary and motionless as a heron. He finally backs away. Looks around. Sees no one. Repeats to himself, like a mantra--

CHAZ
No alarms, no klaxon, no search
lights. No alarms, no klaxon, no
search lights--

He quickly chucks Joey's shoes and wine glass into the ocean, then tip toes away, repeating that mantra, finally allowing himself a small jump of victory before he disappears inside...

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Joey explodes to the surface, gasping for air - in shock --

JOEY (V.O.)
Our marriage was never one of those
great, romantic love stories. But
this is just fucking ridiculous.

As Joey watches the gaily lit *Sun Duchess* continue steaming away at twenty nautical miles per hour...

MAIN TITLES: **S K I N N Y D I P**

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Joey looks over at the (very) distant lights of the Florida coast. She turns and sees a tanker ship nearby --

JOEY
(waving her arms)
Over here! Help!!! Please--

But there is no chance of being heard over the clatter of the engines. The tanker cruises on by. Joey is crestfallen.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Oh God. I'm going to die out here...

She fights off the panic. Looks down at her sundress, the straps torn, the excess bundled cloth a burden.

As she wriggles out of the dress... and begins swimming...

INT. SUN DUCHESS - CHAZ'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

The door swings open and Chaz bursts inside, still riding a wave of adrenaline --

He pulls out a bottle of wine, dumps the entire thing down the sink, then places the empty bottle on Joey's nightstand.

Next, he pulls out a worn paperback copy of *Madame Bovary*. Places it next to the wine bottle for effect.

Satisfied with his "cover-up", Chaz allows himself a small smile. He did it. He actually fucking did it. But then his eyes are drawn to the *Madame Bovary* paperback and his smile suddenly fades--

PUSH IN: on the novel's front cover, the eponymous Emma Bovary glaring back at Chaz, her eyes fixed on him, accusatory.

CHAZ

...Shut up.

And with that, Chaz flips the book over, blotting out Madame Bovary's face...

EXT. CANAL ROAD - NEAR OKEELANTA, FLORIDA - NIGHT

A rickety pick-up truck pulls to the side on a lonely road. A hulk of a man emerges. Meet EARL EDWARD O'TOOLE, early 30s, more commonly known as just TOOL.

Tool grabs a shovel and two cans labeled "Red Devil Lye" from the cargo bed of his pick up, disturbing a blue tarp. Sticking out from beneath the tarp... a white cross (a homemade roadside fatality marker) and a lifeless human hand.

He finds a spot that seems to mean something to him. He knows this rural terrain well. He begins to dig. Interrupted when his cellphone RINGS. Tool checks the ID, then picks it up...

TOOL

Hey, Red. What you got?

(listens, then)

Huh. Didn't think the little pecker had it in him. One helluva anniversary gift. Yeah. I'll finish up the other thing.

Tool hangs up and continues digging until he finally unearths a BLUE PLASTIC HALF BARREL buried level with the ground. He begins pouring the lye. Stopping when he gets a small splash on his hand -- reacting --

TOOL (CONT'D)

Fuck me--

Tool puts his finger in his mouth to soothe it -- then spits --

TOOL (CONT'D)

(tongue on fire)

Oh, puck be--

BACK IN THE TRUCK'S CARGO BED, THE HAND begins moving beneath the tarp, grabbing hold and pulling it down to reveal a disoriented MIGRANT FARM WORKER - a bloody, oozing gash across his forehead.

He wipes blood from his eyes and slowly gets his bearings. Sees Tool kneeling in the near distance. Then turns and sees a Winchester 94 hunting rifle resting in the truck's gunrack.

BACK ON TOOL - who is literally rubbing dirt on his burning finger. He gets up and kicks the can of lye angrily. Then suddenly -- CRACK!

A gunshot rings out. Tool turns to see the Migrant Worker sitting in the bed of the truck, holding the rifle. Tool reaches behind him, feeling a searing pain in his ass. He studies his hand quixotically - it's full of fresh blood.

TOOL (CONT'D)

How in hell--?

Pissed, Tool grabs the shovel up off the dirt. The Migrant Worker's eyes go wide as he fumbles with the rifle, trying to load a shell, Tool sprinting straight at him, shovel raised--

WIDE SHOT as Tool brings the shovel down like he's at a carnival trying to ring the bell on the high-striker. Then again. And again. Blood and brain matter splatter with each blow. The Migrant Worker is certainly dead now.

Tool tries to peer back over his own shoulder to get a look at his ass-wound. Blood now covers most of his overalls. Woozy, he tosses the Migrant worker's body out of the truck. Abandoning the job at hand, he climbs into the cab and cranks the engine. And he drives away slowly...

...After a short distance, the truck CRASHES into a tree.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Joey's arms barely pull her forward. She's completely exhausted, mentally and physically. She turns her head to breathe, but swallows a mouthful of saltwater. Choking, gagging, gasping. Her body finally gives up on her...

UNDERWATER

Joey is barely conscious, sinking. But her eyes widen when she sees...

THE WRECKAGE OF A SMALL GULFSTREAM JET

On the ocean floor. A young COUPLE, a bit older than Joey, are belted in the plane seats, and oddly, they are alive. In fact, they seem very content.

So does the live Asiatic brown bear sitting behind them.

HANK, the man, tries to speak to Joey - but his words are indecipherable due to the annoying fact that he's speaking underwater. LANA, the woman, elbows him. Produces a dry erase board from under her seat. She writes something:

-- Don't die --

Hank leans over and writes a few more words:

-- Kill him back --

Joey nods, emboldened. Begins swimming towards the surface...

GASPING FOR AIR

As she resurfaces. She COUGHS but somehow fights onward. Swimming beyond exhaustion. We feel her pain. Suddenly...

SOMETHING BUMPS HER LEG

Joey panics, slapping at it --

JOEY
No! Get away! No--

And as Joey continues to thrash against the unseen creature...

EXT. PRIVATE ISLAND - DAWN

Racing across the impossibly clear, pristine waters we come upon a tiny, lush island paradise just off the Florida Keys.

A single, modest house is the only structure on the tiny piece of land. A blue tarp covers the roof damage from a recent hurricane.

A DOBERMAN paces the storm damaged, tiny dock, BARKING at a fishing boat that floats barely 30 yards off shore--

INT. STORM DAMAGED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA DRIFTS THROUGH the small, quiet house. Fishing equipment lies on the kitchen counter. No TVs, no computers.

In the bedroom, MICK STRANAHAN sleeps naked. Only in his late 20s but already deliberately unplugged from society, Stranahan is skeptical of the world and cynical beyond his years. He awakens to the incessant barking...

STRANAHAN

Shut up, Irma.

EXT. FISHING BOAT / DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Four FISHERMEN chuckle as one casts his line at the dog, the fishing lure bouncing off its snout. The doberman jumps back, going crazy.

STRANAHAN (O.S.)

--You did not just do that.

Reveal Stranahan as he emerges from the small house, shirtless, bed-head, squinting-at-the-sun-annoyed.

FISHERMAN #1

Damn thing wouldn't shut up, bro.

STRANAHAN

...Bro?

FISHERMAN #2

Scaring all the snapper away.

Stranahan stares out at the nearby boat, the four assholes with their fishing poles.

STRANAHAN

Come over here. We need to talk.

FISHERMAN #1

Go fuck yourself.

FISHERMAN #3

No, let's do it. He wants to talk, let's talk.

Fisherman #3 grabs the trolling motor, edges the boat closer to the dock, ready for a fight. Stranahan simply nods.

He walks over to his nearby shed. The fishermen squint to see what's going on. But suddenly, all of their eyes go wide--

FISHERMAN #2

...Oh, shit.

-- As they see Stranahan walking back from the shed with a raised Ruger Mini-14 semi-automatic rifle --

Stranahan takes aim as his doberman sits beside him and --

FISHERMAN #1

Dude, wait--

HE FIRES THREE SHOTS --

The fishermen ducking as three bullets SMASH their outboard motor. Sparks and smoke.

FISHERMAN #1 (CONT'D)

You crazy, man--?!

STRANAHAN

Oh, sorry. Did I scare all the snapper away?

FISHERMAN #1

You coulda killed somebody--

STRANAHAN

Yeah. I coulda.

Stranahan raises his gun again. The fishermen grab oars and awkwardly paddle the fuck away.

Stranahan lowers his rifle. Turns to the dog--

STRANAHAN (CONT'D)

Don't wake me up so early.

The doberman whimpers as Stranahan walks away.

INT. SUN DUCHESS - CHAZ'S STATEROOM - BATHROOM - MORNING

Chaz stares at his handsome reflection in the bathroom vanity, looking remarkably composed for a guy who just killed his wife. But suddenly, his face contorts into a mask of panic --

CHAZ

Oh my God, it's my wife! I woke up and she's not here!

Chaz's visage reverts to normal. Then:

CHAZ (CONT'D)

(calmer)

It's my wife, Joey Perrone. When I woke up... she just... wasn't here--

And yet again, only this time it's tinged with sadness --

CHAZ (CONT'D)
 I don't know where she could've gone.
 I'm starting to get really worried.
 I mean, should I be worried -- ?

Pleased, Chaz picks up the room phone and dials --

CHAZ (CONT'D)
 (literally Emmy worthy)
 It's my wife, Joey! I woke up and
 she's not here!

INT. KARLA'S CONDO - FORT LAUDERDALE - DAY

START ON: A rat. Backed into a corner. Reveal two PYTHONS
 slithering toward it from either side.

KARLA ROLVAAG, late 20s, a misplaced, pale Minnesotan in the
 middle of sun-drenched Miami, pours her morning coffee as
 the rat begins SCREECHING. Within seconds, there's a KNOCK
 on the door. She opens it to find angry octogenarian NELLIE
 SHULMAN--

MRS. SHULMAN
 You don't think we all hear that god-
 awful screaming, you sicko?

KARLA
 They've got to eat, Nellie. Same as
 you and me.

MRS. SHULMAN
 It's animal cruelty!

KARLA
 You had the condo association pay
 how much for the rodent extermination
 last year - three or four grand,
 wasn't it?

MRS. SHULMAN
 Don't get snide with me, young lady.

KARLA
 They were my father's and I'm not
 getting rid of them. And there's
 nothing in the rules that says I
 can't keep reptiles.

MRS. SHULMAN
 'Dangerous pets', it's right here on
 page one-nineteen--

KARLA

Your dog's bitten four people, my snakes haven't hurt anybody.

MRS. SHULMAN

Disturbing the peace then. Those helpless little mice screaming and moaning while God's breath is strangled out of them; it's horrible. I had to double up on my Xanax this morning thanks to you.

KARLA

They're big fat rats, Nellie, not Stuart Little. And by the way, that poison your exterminator uses? It makes their cute little tummies explode.

MRS. SHULMAN

You're a sick, sick person. No wonder you're not married.

KARLA

And no wonder your husband went deaf.

MRS. SHULMAN

Okay, smartass. You have to be over 55 to live here, and your dad passed over a year ago. Sell this place or I'm calling the cops.

KARLA

I am the cops.

Karla holds up a badge to Mrs. Shulman's utter shock. Then closes the door in her face.

EXT. FLATS - DAY

Stranahan stands atop the poling platform of his 17' bonefish skiff - silhouetted against the Florida morning sun. Irma stands lookout on the bow. Suddenly he starts to BARK, something in the water catching his eye.

Stranahan squints, sees it. A dead manatee? A garbage bag? As he uses the push pole to get his boat closer, he realizes that it's a woman. Naked.

And clinging to a discarded bale of marijuana. Stranahan struggles to get Joey out of the water.

STRANAHAN

I've got you. Let go.

Joey doesn't respond, barely conscious. Stranahan painfully pulls Man o' War off her arm and head, detangling the tentacles. He hoists her into his boat.

STRANAHAN (CONT'D)

...You're okay now.

Irma licks the strange woman's arm. Whimpers. As Stranahan wraps her in a blanket, then looks all around, perplexed...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. PORT EVERGLADES - DAY

Karla puts sunblock on her nose and forehead as the massive *Sun Duchess* cruise ship is hitched to its berth.

INT. SUN DUCHESS - CHAZ'S STATEROOM - DAY

Karla sits at the small table, jotting notes as Chaz paces the tiny room, stealing glances at her body. Not bad. Especially for a cop.

KARLA

So exactly what time did you last see your wife?

CHAZ

Around three-thirty in the morning, I think. She wanted to go on the top deck, stand under the moon and toast our anniversary. I told her we could wait til the sun came up, but you know how it is when your wife wants something--

KARLA

Can't say I do.

CHAZ

Well trust me. You do things like go on the upper deck in the rain to make them happy.

KARLA

But you came back to the room without her?

CHAZ

...I had a stomach thing. The ceviche they served last night... I just... I just needed to get back to the room, you know? So I told Joey, 'Let's go, my bowels aren't feeling romantic.' But she said she'd meet me back in a few--

KARLA

She never came?

CHAZ

I must have nodded off waiting. When I woke up the sun was out and she still wasn't back; that's when I called for help.

Karla notices the empty wine bottle on Joey's nightstand.

KARLA

You guys share this before you went
on deck last night?

CHAZ

...I guess Joey drank that.

KARLA

The whole bottle? Can she handle
that much alcohol?

CHAZ

Joey? Oh, yeah. That's nothing.

KARLA

What are you saying? Is she an
alcoholic?

CHAZ

No, no, not at all. She just enjoys
her wine. Okay, occasionally the
hard stuff but not that often. Christ,
we were on vacation...

KARLA

(jots notes, then)

Did you two have any kind of argument
when you were up on the deck last
night, Mister Perrone?

CHAZ

It's actually *Doctor* Perrone.

(off her look)

I'm a PhD. Marine sciences. Doesn't
matter. We were not arguing, other
than she didn't want me to go back
inside. Damn. If I only didn't eat
that goddamn...

(emotional)

I should have never let her stay out
so late, by herself. Like an idiot.

Karla considers this, tapping her pen against the table.
Then she motions to the copy of *Madame Bovary*.

KARLA

She reading this? Or you?

CHAZ

It's hers. Why?

KARLA

It's about a lady who swallows arsenic--

CHAZ

Look, Joey was happy last night. She was a happy, fulfilled person. Ask anybody who knew her--

KARLA

Knows her.

CHAZ

Of course. Right. There's no way she committed suicide. None of this makes any sense.

Karla just stares at Chaz, then pockets her notepad--

KARLA

Alright. We're going to search the ship top to bottom--

CHAZ

Let me come with you. She really likes hanging out on the top deck by--

KARLA

(cuts him off)

--Just stay here in your cabin. I can find you when we're done searching --

CHAZ

I really think it'll be more helpful if I--

KARLA

--Look, I don't mean to be indelicate, but... it's possible that when your wife was up on deck waiting for you to come back, she grabbed another drink. Maybe met someone. Maybe danced. Maybe she's still on board, hiding out in someone else's stateroom. Maybe she's just afraid to come face you.

CHAZ

(so offended)

It's our anniversary for Chrissakes.

KARLA

I've met people who have cheated on their honeymoons.

CHAZ

Joey's not like that.

KARLA

You better hope she is. I assume
that's better than the alternative?

Karla heads out. OFF Chaz, not exactly sure where he stands
with this woman...

INT. BIG RED PACKAGING PLANT - DAY

CLOSE ON: A conveyer belt full of fresh vegetables. Factory
workers in hairnets sort through them. A giant machine shrink
wraps them with a label that reads: TRUST BIG RED ORGANICS.

SAMUEL JOHNSON HAMMERNUT, 40s, known as "RED" to both friends
and enemies, grabs a cucumber off the line and bites into
it. A self-made, albeit corrupt agribusiness magnate, Red
uses his charisma and charm to conceal his violent nature. A
text appears on his phone...

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Red approaches Tool's pick-up truck, a tree-shaped dent in
its front bumper.

TOOL

He shot me, Red.

Red pulls the door open, sees Tool's pants soaked in blood.

RED

(concerned)

How the hell did you let him get the
drop on you? You gotta take better
care of yourself, Tool.

TOOL

I thought he was dead. Got a first-
aid kit in there?

RED

Not one that fixes a gunshot wound.
You didn't take his pulse to make
sure, did you? We talked about that.
Just press right here on the wrist
or either side of the neck.

TOOL

Uh-huh. Hurts real bad getting shot.

RED

Course it does. We'll get you all
fixed up, don't worry.

TOOL

So I can go to the hospital then?

RED
Next best thing.

Red reaches over Tool and punches an address into the truck's old school Garmin navigation system.

RED (CONT'D)
Follow these directions. When you get there tell the doc I sent you.

TOOL
Preciate you, Red.

RED
Love you too, big guy.

Red closes the truck's door. Tool drops it into reverse and slowly drives away, smoke rising from the damaged grill.

OFF Red, watching with concern, like Tool is his special needs little brother...

INT. STRANAHAN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

START CLOSE ON: Joey's face. Sunburnt. Eyes badly swollen. Suddenly, she stirs.

STRANAHAN
Don't move.

JOEY
Where am I?

STRANAHAN
Safe. Try to lie still.

JOEY
I can't see. What's wrong with my eyes?

STRANAHAN
They're swollen shut. From the salt. And jellyfish stings. Swelling should go down in a day or so.

JOEY
I feel like I'm... in water.

STRANAHAN
You are.

JOEY
In a hospital?

STRANAHAN

In a bathtub. In my house.

PULL BACK to reveal Joey in the bathtub as she covers herself self-consciously.

STRANAHAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I put in bubbles for cover. And it's not salacious; you were hypothermic.

She relaxes. Stranahan sits in a chair nearby, cutting a towel into strips and delicately applying aloe.

JOEY

So you like... actually saved me?

STRANAHAN

Probably would have drifted ashore in another hour or so.

JOEY

Oh. Kind of ruins the romance of my rescue.

STRANAHAN

Afraid it wasn't very romantic. You were purple and clinging to a bale of marijuana.

JOEY

I thought it was a shark--

STRANAHAN

Sixty pounds of Jamaica's finest. Must have gotten thrown over by smugglers fleeing the DEA.

JOEY

So a giant bag of pot rescued me.

STRANAHAN

Lean your head back. This should help the swelling.

Stranahan lays the aloe soaked strips on her eyes.

STRANAHAN (CONT'D)

...Are you feeling well enough to tell me what happened?

JOEY

...I was thrown off a boat. One of those giant cruise ships. The *Sun Duchess*.

STRANAHAN
Seas weren't that rough last night--

JOEY
I wasn't thrown by a wave. I was
thrown by my husband.

STRANAHAN
Really? Why?

JOEY
Honestly, I have no idea. I swear to
God, I don't know what goes on inside
of that man's head.

INT. SUN DUCHESS - CHAZ'S STATEROOM - DAY

Chaz paces anxiously, claustrophobia setting in...

CHAZ
Christ. How long does it take to not
find someone?

Suddenly the door opens. It's Karla. Shit. Chaz wonders if
she heard...

CHAZ (CONT'D)
So...?

KARLA
I'm sorry.

Chaz's face goes from shock, to sadness-covering-happiness,
all while masking his relief...

INT. STRANAHAN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Stranahan sits on the floor of the hallway, just outside of
the bathroom. Behind him, we can see Joey getting dressed,
pulling on a fleece pullover and cotton sweatpants.

JOEY
Thanks for the clothes. Or should I
say, thank your wife.

STRANAHAN
They belonged to a friend. So you
think your husband was cheating?

JOEY
Probably. I mean, I assume so now.
But why not ask for a divorce?
Florida's a no fault state. We both
walk away. Nobody dies. I'm dressed.

Mick enters the bathroom, hangs Joey's towel, then takes her hand to help guide her out since her eyes are now wrapped.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Is she here now? Your girlfriend?

STRANAHAN

Been gone for ages. About four steps, then we're going to turn right.

(as he leads her out)

Maybe it was for money. You have a big life insurance policy?

JOEY

No. And he signed a pre-nup, he knows he's not in my will. Now you see why I'm so... I don't know, dazed. Him trying to kill me doesn't make any sense. What would you do in my place?

STRANAHAN

Take off the wedding ring, for starters.

Joey stops walking in the middle of the hallway and pulls her wedding ring off.

JOEY

Thank you. That mother-- I swear, I still hear the ocean in my head.

STRANAHAN

It's not in your head, it's outside the window. You're on a private island--

JOEY

Oh. That's... weird.

STRANAHAN

You need to rest. Bedroom's about three more steps.

JOEY

Can you bring me to a couch? Put on a TV? Last thing I want to hear is the ocean.

STRANAHAN

Don't have a TV. No electricity out here yet.

JOEY

What? Do you have a laptop or iPad or something?

STRANAHAN

Sorry. Kind of off the grid.

JOEY

Why? You in trouble or something?

STRANAHAN

I'm not in trouble. Sort of my job. Place was damaged when the hurricane blew through. Guy who owns it said I can stay here while I fix it up. Can we keep walking?

IN THE BEDROOM

Stranahan leads Joey towards the bed.

STRANAHAN (CONT'D)

Listen, I have an old cellphone, maybe I can get it charged off the boat battery. You rest, I'll call the cops. Or the Coast Guard. Not sure who has jurisdiction depending on where you got tossed--

JOEY

--Please don't.

STRANAHAN

Really? Why?

JOEY

Tell me your name.

STRANAHAN

It's Mick.

JOEY

Mick, please. Don't call anybody. Not yet, okay? I need to sort this all out in my head.

STRANAHAN

I can help you with that. What your husband did is called attempted murder. I'm pretty sure it's against the law. You need to tell the cops.

JOEY

Please. Just wait. As soon as I report him, he'll know I'm alive. And I'm not sure I want that yet.

STRANAHAN

Why not?

JOEY

Because for the life of me, I can't figure out why he did this, but if he finds out I'm alive what if he tries to finish the job?

STRANAHAN

He'll be in jail--

JOEY

And he'll probably get out on bail. Isn't that how it works? I'm terrified, Mick. I've never had someone try and kill me before. Can you just... give me a minute to get my head around everything?

Stranahan hesitates. But for the sake of expediency...

STRANAHAN

...Whatever you say. Careful. Bed's on your left. Easing you down. I'll put some water on the nightstand to your right. Either be sleeping or hydrating.

Stranahan starts to walk out.

JOEY

You're going to call anyway, aren't you? You're going to sneak out when I fall asleep and charge your phone on your boat battery and dial 911--

STRANAHAN

I said I won't. Means I won't. Now get some rest.

Joey lies back on the pillow. Stranahan heads out...

EXT. PRIVATE ISLAND - DAY

Stranahan walks to his boat, jerry rigs a phone charger to some wires and connects it to the boat's battery. He then plugs in the phone and turns to see Irma staring at him.

STRANAHAN

(to the dog)

Shut up.

Irma wanders off disapprovingly...

EXT. PORT EVERGLADES - DAY

Chaz follows Karla down the Sun Duchess' gangway, spotting TWO BLAZE-ORANGE HELICOPTERS rising from the Coast Guard station on the other side of the port, joining the search.

CHAZ

Do they usually find the people who fall overboard?

KARLA

Frankly, it's my first time handling one of these, so...

CHAZ

Christ, it's been 13 hours. Any chance you could call in a favor and get me a seat on one of those choppers?

KARLA

Coast Guard doesn't do ride-a-longs.

CHAZ

There boats I could jump on? I just feel like I need to do *something*--

KARLA

Only thing you can do is wait.

CHAZ

And pray. I feel like I can't leave here. Like that's giving up.

KARLA

You should go home. Be with friends. Family. As soon as I know anything, I'll find you.

CHAZ

God bless you, Detective.

Karla studies Chaz a beat. Then she finally walks away. After a few beats, Chaz's cellphone RINGS. He picks up...

RED (V.O.)

That go as well as it looked?

Chaz peers out over the water and sees Red standing on the deck of his 75' yacht, *The Big Veg*, looking through binoculars--

CHAZ

Went perfect.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. STRANAHAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Stranahan puts a hand on Joey's forehead, touches her cheek.
She stirs awake...

STRANAHAN

It's okay. Starting to get some color
back in your cheeks. That's good. If
you think you're ready to eat, I'll
start cooking.

Joey nods, then...

JOEY

I wish I could see what you look
like. Since you've seen all of me.

STRANAHAN

Sorry, it's how I found you.

JOEY

And I probably stank like a bong.

STRANAHAN

Listen, I know you don't want me
calling the cops, but is there at
least someone I can call? Come pick
you up?

JOEY

You trying to get rid of me?

STRANAHAN

I assume people are concerned. I
just want to get you back wherever
you belong.

JOEY

...I'm not sure where I belong
anymore.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

Tool pulls up to a barn in the middle of nowhere. He spots
VERNON (60s) who has his latex-gloved arm shoved half-way
into a cow's vagina.

TOOL

Red sent me here for the...doc?

VERNON
Just gotta finish knocking up Old
Martha. Head to the stable, I'll be
there presently.

Tool watches stone-faced as Vernon removes his goo covered
arm from the lowing cow...

INT. HORSE STABLE - LATER

Tool lays face down on a table. Vernon prepares to inject
Tool with a horse syringe--

TOOL
You change out them gloves, doc?

VERNON
Fresh pair, son. You ain't dealing
with an idiot. All I got is
phenylbutazone, which is actually
meant for *horses*. But you're a mighty
big fella, so...
(injects dose, then)
Alright, let's see what we got here--

TOOL
Feels like my heart is getting squeeze.

VERNON
You're fine.
(begins examining,
then frowns)
Woo-wee, spoke to soon. Your sacrum
bone is shot up straight to hell.
Too dangerous for me to fish around
in there without an X-ray. I don't
know what the heck Red's thinking
sending you here. I ain't a magician.

TOOL
(slurring his words)
Red says no hospitals.

VERNON
Best I can do is clean it up, stitch
it up, and give you something for
the pain; only a proper doctor be
able to remove that bullet.

TOOL
(slurring his words)
Red says no hospitals.

VERNON
Heard you the first time, son.

As Vernon gets to work on Tool's bloody ass...

EXT. CHAZ'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Chaz pulls into his driveway behind the wheel of his garish, bright yellow Hummer - enthusiastically singing along to George Thorogood and the Destroyer's *Move it on Over*.

CHAZ

*She told me not to mess around, but
I done let the deal go down -- So
move it on over, rock it on over --*

His singing stops abruptly as the garage door rises and he pulls in, his headlights clicking on to illuminate--

A BRAND NEW SET OF GOLF CLUBS

A big red bow tied around the golf bag. Chaz parks and looks down at the surprise anniversary gift. Sees a card attached. Reads "Love, Joey" - OFF his guilt...

INT. CHAZ'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

QUICK CUTS:

-- Chaz sweeps all of Joey's clothes from the closet, haphazardly stuffing them into a large wardrobe box.

-- He boxes up all of her soaps, scrubs, exfoliants, lotions... Jesus, this lady had a lot of shit in the bathroom--

-- He empties out her undies drawer - until he comes across an intriguing bra/panties combo that he decides to keep.

Exhausted, Chaz heads to his fish tank --

CHAZ

Oh, you must be starving.

Chaz sprinkles some fish food inside, watching intently as the fish hungrily gobbles it up. Chaz's guilt bubbling up--

CHAZ (CONT'D)

*...She didn't give me a choice.
(then, wistful)
Damn. Life is so... fleeting.*

CLOSE ON the FISH...

INT. STRANAHAN'S HOUSE - DUSK

START ON: a filet of fish plopped onto a frying pan with a SIZZLE. Stranahan cooks. Joey enters, feeling her way along the wall, her eyes still covered with an aloe-soaked cloth.

JOEY
Smells amazing.

STRANAHAN
Hey, careful of the stove. How are you feeling? Your eyes better?

JOEY
I won't know til you take off this blindfold.

STRANAHAN
It's not a blindfold and you can take it off whenever you want.

Joey removes the cloth. Her eyes are still very swollen.

JOEY
I see some light and shadows, but you're kind of a blurry blob.

STRANAHAN
Not too far off.

JOEY
Describe yourself Mick. I don't even know your last name.

STRANAHAN
Stranahan. You want limes or tartar sauce?

JOEY
Both. My God, it smells delicious. I'm picturing you as a cross between Ryan Gosling and Jamie Oliver.

STRANAHAN
You'll be disappointed.

JOEY
I can tell you're tall. Late 40s?

STRANAHAN
You suck at this. You going to guess my weight, too? Beans and rice with your snapper?

JOEY
Sure.

STRANAHAN
Come on...

Stranahan balances two plates, takes Joey's hands and leads her outside.

EXT. PRIVATE ISLAND - DUSK

Stranahan leads Joey across the wood deck and helps her sit at a picnic table. The sky is streaked pink as night falls.

JOEY

Feels cool out. Like the sun is going down. Is it pretty tonight? The sunset?

STRANAHAN

I've never seen a bad one. Here.
(gives her a fork)
You have a drink on your right, two o'clock.

Joey reaches semi-blindly until her hand grips a beer bottle.

JOEY

This bottle is glass. I'm assuming it's not water.

STRANAHAN

You seemed better so I gave you a beer. That okay?

JOEY

(drinks, then)
Perfect.

Stranahan notices something. He leans over the table and gently touches Joey's cheek.

STRANAHAN

Damn. There's pus running out of your eyes.

JOEY

I don't think it's pus.

STRANAHAN

What... You're crying?

JOEY

Was hoping you wouldn't notice.

STRANAHAN

I get it. It's emotional, what you've been through. Could have died out there. And your own husband--

JOEY

I'm not crying because of Chaz. He didn't love me anymore. Obviously. And now I'm starting to wonder why I ever fell for him in the first place. And what he did out there? Pisses me off so bad you have no idea.

STRANAHAN

Then what's making you cry?

JOEY

Oh, maybe the fact that I have no home to go back to, no marriage, no career, and I'm in a random house in the middle of nowhere, half blind and completely vulnerable. No offense, Mick, this is probably the most delicious meal I've ever had, but this isn't the shape I expected to find myself in two weeks before I turn 27.

STRANAHAN

Happy birthday. You know what might be a good present? Seeing the prick hauled off in handcuffs. Why don't you let me call the police--?

JOEY

You said you wouldn't--

STRANAHAN

You had just regained consciousness, could have still been in shock, so I didn't push it. But now--

JOEY

(pleading)

I'm not ready. Please. Let's say he gets arrested. He'll just make up some story. You don't know my husband. He's charming, has a way with words. Chaz used to manipulate juries *for a living*. He was the scientific hotshot for some cosmetics company, he showed me video of himself on the stand, and you know what? *He was good*. Charming. I can totally see a jury buying his bullshit. And then I'll never find out the real reason he did this to me. Please don't call...

Stranahan thinks... then:

STRANAHAN

I've done my good deed. You're alive,
you're healthy, I'm done. I've gotta
throw you back.

JOEY

Don't turn me into a fish analogy,
Mick. Is there anything I can say to
get you not to report this?
(off his stone face)
Just... just give me a few minutes
to think first. Please.

STRANAHAN

...Okay. After dinner then.

JOEY

Thanks. I'm gonna go wash my face.
(Mick rises)
Sit. I can see now. Kind of.

Joey walks off towards the house, arms out in front of her,
just in case. Mick watches her go, shakes his head. As he
belts back his beer...

INT. STRANAHAN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joey stands at the bathroom sink, rinsing her swollen eyes
with cold water. She squints at herself in the mirror. It
hurts. She steels herself. Forcing herself to focus...

...Then she opens the medicine cabinet. Straining to see as
she rifles through various pill bottles.

Stops when she finds herself holding a particular bottle
that catches her attention...

EXT. PRIVATE ISLAND - DOCK - EVENING

Stranahan checks the cellphone that's attached to his boat
battery. The fucking thing works! He looks back at the house,
deciding. And that's when the door opens, Joey coming out
with two beers in her hands...

JOEY

Buy you a beer? I managed to find
the fridge. Pretty empty--

Stranahan approaches, takes one.

STRANAHAN

Don't judge. Haven't been to the
mainland in a while. Grab my hand, I
feel like you're gonna trip on one
of my fishing poles or something.

Joey takes his hand, then recoils--

JOEY
Your fingers are all...fishy.

STRANAHAN
Sorry. My table manners aren't what they used to be.

JOEY
You eat with your fingers?! You clearly haven't had a woman in your life in a long time.

STRANAHAN
Funny. That's what Vanessa said. Right before she got into my life.

JOEY
Who's Vanessa?

They arrive back at the table and sit.

STRANAHAN
When she said it, she was my waitress. Then she became my girlfriend. Then my ex-girlfriend--

JOEY
She's not buried here on the island, is she?

STRANAHAN
Funny. She didn't like it here too much. Said all the peace and tranquility was driving her nuts. Basically gave me an ultimatum. It was her or the island.

JOEY
Well I could stay here forever. To peace and tranquility.

Joey holds up her bottle. Stranahan clinks it with his. As they begin to drink...

INT. BROWARD COUNTY SHERIFF - NIGHT

Karla sits at her desk, pouring through Joey Perrone's social media feeds looking for leads. Her boss CAPTAIN GALLO enters.

CAPTAIN GALLO
Still here?

KARLA

...I don't like the husband.

CAPTAIN GALLO

You don't think he's good for it?

KARLA

Oh I like him for it. I just don't like him, you know, personally.

CAPTAIN GALLO

This one's bugging you, isn't it? I know cause you got that Norwegian, brooding Viking look on your face.

KARLA

That's not a look, that's just my face.

CAPTAIN GALLO

Should I put you in the box, get it out of you?

KARLA

I've seen enough guys who lie to the women they supposedly love for one lifetime. That's all.

CAPTAIN GALLO

Oh? This have something to do with why you transferred down from Minnesota?

KARLA

I moved down to take care of my dad--

CAPTAIN GALLO

And yet you stayed.

KARLA

I don't want to talk about it.

(off his look)

I got engaged to a lying prick, okay. Luckily, I figured it out before he could throw me into the ocean.

CAPTAIN GALLO

In Minnesota. Would've been quite a throw.

(heads out)

...Without a body, it's a weak case. Don't let it consume you.

KARLA

...Yeah.

OFF Karla as she goes back to her computer, consumed...

EXT. PRIVATE ISLAND - NIGHT

ON Joey as she chugs her beer, then continues telling Mick her story...

JOEY

Funny thing is, my marriage to Chaz almost never happened. I was engaged once before. To my high school sweetheart. Benjamin Middenbock.

STRANAHAN

What happened to him?

EXT. BLUE SKY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Tandem skydivers plummet towards the Earth.

JOEY (V.O.)

You know how first-time skydivers have to get strapped to an instructor? Apparently this frat guy on spring break lied about his weight...

The enormous frat guy screams with joy but his tandem instructor looks very concerned...

EXT. BEACH - DAY - FLASHBACK

Joey lies in a hammock, reading "Life After Life" by Kate Atkinson. She sees BENJAMIN fishing nearby, smiles...

JOEY (V.O.)

We were only a few months away from the wedding...

Suddenly the tandem skydivers fall from the sky like concrete.

JOEY (CONT'D)

(face falls)

--Benjy!

Benjy looks skyward - SCREAMS! Fat Frat Liar and Tandem Instructor SCREAM! Joey SCREAMS! SLAM BACK TO:

EXT. PRIVATE ISLAND - EVENING

Stranahan smirks a little.

JOEY

It's not funny.

STRANAHAN

Not at all.

Stranahan drinks more beer to cover his smile.

JOEY

Okay, it's a little funny. But Benjy was good and honest and sweet. He also had a huge life insurance policy so I got a bunch of money when he died. Which bizarrely is the same thing that happened with my parents. They were killed in a small plane crash when I was little, and suddenly my brother and I each had millions of dollars in trust funds.

(emotional)

It's like I've got this weird bargain with God I never asked for, where he gets to take away the people I love the most and give me a pile of cash instead.

(then)

...Mick? Mick.

REVERSE TO REVEAL Stranahan is dead asleep. Head tilted back.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Took you long enough.

Joey puts the now empty bottle of Ambien on the table beside Stranahan's beer bottle. She gets real close to him, squints, straining to see his face. She smiles sadly.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Not what I pictured, but not bad.
Sorry, Mick.

Irma pads over. Joey kneels down and pets him.

JOEY (CONT'D)

You're a handsome fella, too.

Irma WHINES as Joey heads over to the dock, climbs into Stranahan's boat, and pushes it away from the dock. The dog paws at his owner, but Stranahan is out like a light.

After a beat, we hear a BOAT ENGINE ROAR TO LIFE...

Joey unties the boat, notices the old cellphone. Detaches it from the battery and throws it in the water as the boat motors away into the night...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. STRANAHAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Stranahan awakens, still at the picnic table. Sees the empty bottle of Ambien. Then sees his boat is missing.

Stranahan walks over to his shed and pulls out his rifle. He puts his eye to the hunting scope and scans the horizon.

SCOPE POV: Joey is seated in the boat, stalled out, less than two miles from the island. Straight in the crosshairs.

EXT. CHAZ'S HOUSE - MORNING

The garage door rises to reveal Chaz, who is surprised to see an *NBC 6 NEWS* van parked in front. An ATTRACTIVE REPORTER approaches...

ATTRACTIVE REPORTER
Mister Perrone?

CHAZ
...It's actually *Doctor* Perrone.

ATTRACTIVE REPORTER
I'm so sorry to ambush you like this.
But if I could have just a few minutes
I thought maybe we could help get
the word out about your wife--

CHAZ
(she's fuckable)
Sure. Great idea.

The Reporter motions for her CAMERA MAN to set up...

ATTRACTIVE REPORTER
The Coast Guard said they are
suspending their search in just a
few hours--

CHAZ
(fake sad/ecstatic)
So soon?

ATTRACTIVE REPORTER
I know. This must be so hard on you.

CHAZ
...It's like I'm... in a dream.

Chaz steals a glance at the reporter's ample cleavage. As she tugs her shirt higher, a bit uncomfortable...

ATTRACTIVE REPORTER
(to camera man)
Can we hurry this up, Scott?

EXT. BOAT - MORNING

Joey is seated in the boat. A shirtless Stranahan paddles towards her in a yellow kayak.

JOEY
You have to rescue me from the ocean
twice in two days. How lame is *that*?

STRANAHAN
This doesn't count as a rescue. This
is straight larceny--

JOEY
Mick, I wasn't stealing the boat.
Honest. I was going to leave it tied
up at whatever dock is closest and
find a way to tell you. And I'm really
sorry I broke it. I'll pay for the
damage.

STRANAHAN
You can kill someone with too much
Ambien--

JOEY
I only mashed up five or ten pills.

STRANAHAN
Five or ten. That's safe, then.

JOEY
You're obviously fine--

STRANAHAN
Think I'm starting to understand
maybe why your husband threw you
over--

JOEY
Okay, it wasn't the best plan, but I
was trying to get away--

STRANAHAN
You're not scared. You're trying to
get to him. That's why you don't
want the cops, right? You want
revenge? You're a crazy person--

JOEY
I'm not crazy.

STRANAHAN
Where's my iphone?

JOEY
I um, kind of threw it in that water--

STRANAHAN
(you are crazy)
Uh-huh.

JOEY
Come on, how pissed can you be? It
was like an iphone *four*.

Stranahan turns the kayak around and starts paddling away.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Mick? Mick, wait! Where are you going?

STRANAHAN
Report my boat stolen. You won't go
to the cops, I'll have them come to
you.

JOEY
Please don't do that. Please? Mick,
please!

Stranahan resumes paddling away without looking back.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Hey! We're in the middle of a
conversation here--
(but he keeps paddling)
A little problem comes your way so
you run off? Is that how you ended
up on a little island all alone?
With a doberman pinscher as your
only friend? Are you really fixing
up a house or are you just hiding
from life? Christ, who chooses a
lonely island over love?
(then)
Great, keep paddling! Runaway from
me, keep retreating from the world.
Be alone your whole life. If you
even are alive--

ON STRANAHAN as her words land. He turns the kayak around.
Stares at Joey. He has only known this woman 24 hours, but
something about her is drawing him back. He should keep
paddling away, but--

STRANAHAN
...What if I go with you?

JOEY

What?

STRANAHAN

To talk to the police. Much as I hate the mainland, I'll go sit with you and make the report. I'll even testify in court if you need it. It's the best offer you're going to get.

Joey thinks... then nods.

STRANAHAN (CONT'D)

Good.

Stranahan pulls the kayak alongside the boat and climbs aboard. He opens one of the front hatches and sticks his head and arms inside--

JOEY

What are you doing?

STRANAHAN

Boat's not broken. I have a manual valve on the fuel line, I shut it off every night. You had the gas that was in the hose and that's it. That's why the engine conked out--

He walks over and turns the key. The engine ROARS to life.

JOEY

Clever.

STRANAHAN

I may have had my boat swiped by an angry woman before.

JOEY

Why doesn't that surprise me?

As the boat begins heading off...

INT. WATER MANAGEMENT DISTRICT WAY-STATION - DAY

JAMIE SPRINGER, a 30-ish marine biologist and sexual pervert, chats with a group of Russian web-cam girls on his laptop in an otherwise empty trailer/office.

SPRINGER

How big a tip to get Anastasiya to make-out with Ekaterina -- ?

Chaz walks in, surprised to find Springer here--

CHAZ

What are you doing here?

SPRINGER

What are you doing here?

Springer quickly shuts his laptop.

CHAZ

This is my field office, I have work--

SPRINGER

Yeah, but...I mean...the boss told me to cover for you...on account of your wife--

CHAZ

They could still find her. I'm trying to stay positive.

SPRINGER

Look, I hate to be a jerk, but--

CHAZ

You can't help it?

SPRINGER

Your wife's been in the open ocean for two days--

CHAZ

A day and a half--

SPRINGER

...You really think she's still alive?

CHAZ

Joey was a swimmer in college. UCLA. Won medals and everything.

SPRINGER

Ohh...kay. And yet. I got orders to cover your station. And you could just go home and like... sit shiva or whatever.

CHAZ

I'm not Jewish. And thank you, but I'm fine, really.

SPRINGER

I don't want to wade into the disgusting swamp and do your shit either, Chaz.

(MORE)

SPRINGER (CONT'D)

I mean, no offense, I know how much environmental expertise you have, but I think I can handle collecting a few water samples for the EPA. And I'm not getting fired for you. So go home.

Chaz wants to push harder, but he doesn't want to look like a fucking sociopath, so --

CHAZ

(suddenly bereaved)

...You're right. My head's just all screwed up. Maybe I'll... I don't know. Just. Thanks. You're a good friend, man.

As Chaz reluctantly turns to head out--

SPRINGER

Oh, hey. Is this Detective Rolvaag chick a bitch, or what?

CHAZ

Excuse me?

SPRINGER

I mean, I assume she's already spoken to you. She left a voicemail for me this morning, wants to talk. Sounds like a real bitch.

Chaz just shrugs, trying to hide his shock...

EXT. SHOOTERS WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - DAY

A chic watering hole located directly on the picturesque Intracoastal. Red cruises up to the restaurant's dock in his yacht. As he steps off the boat and tosses his keys to the boat valet, he spots Chaz waiting and noticeably darkens. Not the same paternal figure we saw with Tool earlier...

RED

Oh look. My favorite thing. Uninvited lunch guests.

CHAZ

Sorry, Red. Didn't want to tell you over the phone and I thought you should know... I wasn't able to make it to work today.

RED

And yet you made it here.

CHAZ

I mean, I made it, but...my co-worker was already there. Covering for me. He insisted.

RED

Oh, he insisted. Nothing anyone could do then.

CHAZ

I thought about, you know, insisting back, but that would make me look like a psychopath. I mean, I am technically in mourning.

RED

People mourn in all sorts of ways. Some like to lose themselves in work.

CHAZ

I could go back and say that...

RED

Don't do a goddamn thing, Chaz. Just go home. I'll get Tool.

CHAZ

You're calling Tool? I mean... is that really necessary?

RED

Apparently it is. And don't so much as leave your house without checking with me first.

Off Chaz, sinking deeper and deeper as he walks off...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. TOOL'S TRAILER - DAY

Tool shoves a highway death marker into the small dirt patch outside his trailer. WIDEN TO REVEAL dozens of other death markers. As Red pulls up and approaches, tosses him a bottle --

RED

Green tea kombucha. On the house. In light of your fresh wound and general disregard for your health, I thought it might be a good thing for you.

TOOL

What's in it?

RED

Fermented from mushrooms. Doesn't get you high, though. People think it cures cancer, protects your liver--

TOOL

Does it?

RED

Sure. Long as they keep paying \$7.95 a bottle.

(re: death markers)

So how many you got now?

TOOL

Sixty odd. Maybe seventy.

RED

I still can't understand why you collect those stupid things; it's pretty damn depressing, you ask me.

TOOL

I just like the way they look, all lined up like that. Sorta like that famous soldier graveyard up in Washington?

RED

You mean Arlington?

TOOL

Like a mini Arlington. My pop's there.

RED

Didn't know he served. Army?

(MORE)

RED (CONT'D)

(off Tool's nod)

I was in the Marines. Gulf War I.
You know they spend \$50 billion to
import fresh vegetables to the Middle
East?

(then)

Got another job for you.

TOOL

Ass is still hurtin', Red. That
veteran couldn't fish the slug out.

Tool bends to adjust a cross, but grimaces in pain.

RED

Well I need you. So drink a case of
this and go get a heap of pain meds.

INT. ELYSIAN MANOR HOSPICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tool, in obvious pain, limps inside. He spots several nurses talking down the hall and ducks into an empty office where he finds a lab coat hanging on the back of a chair. He grabs the coat and pulls it on. It doesn't exactly rip, but it doesn't exactly fit either. Good enough.

QUICK CUTS -- A SERIES OF IDENTICAL PATIENT ROOMS

Tool approaches an ELDERLY MAN in a patient bed that looks more like a corpse than a functioning human being. He rolls the dying man onto his side and smiles when he sees --

A WHITE FENTANYL PATCH stuck to the patient's back. Tool meticulously peels it off, then sticks it onto his own lower back.

ANOTHER ROOM - THEN ANOTHER - Tool stealing patch after patch, his back getting filled with stickers, covering most of his skin. But finally, as Tool peels off another patch, he's interrupted by:

FAMILY MEMBER

...Who are you?

Tool turns, surprised to find an entire family.

TOOL

New doctor. He's doing real great.

FAMILY MEMBER

He's got stage 4 pancreatic cancer.

TOOL

Yup. And he's gonna beat it.

And Tool glides on out of there, past the dumbfounded family members...

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Stranahan pulls into the parking lot in his piece of shit 1977 Chrysler Cordoba (hunter green with T-top!). Joey looks at the building warily.

STRANAHAN

So. We're here.

JOEY

(not getting out)
...Yeah.

STRANAHAN

Come on. You have nothing to worry about. Juries will like you more than him. You're... you know...

JOEY

Yeah, thanks for that non-compliment. There were no witnesses, Mick. That's why the asshole made me go on deck in the middle of the night. In the rain.

STRANAHAN

They'll figure out his motive, they'll--

JOEY

I can't figure out his motive. And it's all I can think about. I'm obsessed with figuring out why my husband, who never even raised his voice or lifted a finger, would suddenly try and kill me. Was he plotting this when I was asleep in bed next to him? Did he know he was going to do this when we were having sex an hour beforehand?

Stranahan feels for her, but what more can he really do?

STRANAHAN

Come on. You'll get answers. Just gotta be patient. This is the first step.

But Joey hesitates. Then they both hear...

DETECTIVE CORDOVA (O.S.)

Mick Stranahan? That you?

Stranahan gets out of the car. Joey sees him shake hands and 'man hug' DETECTIVE LUIS CORDOVA.

STRANAHAN

Long time.

DETECTIVE CORDOVA

I don't think I've seen you since you retired.

STRANAHAN

Wouldn't use that word.

DETECTIVE CORDOVA

Yeah, well... sorry. You sure got boned on that one. What's going on with your trial?

STRANAHAN

Delayed. Again.

DETECTIVE CORDOVA

You coming back? I mean, if things go your way?

Stranahan thinks, shrugs. Surprised when...

JOEY

Mick--?

Stranahan and Detective Cordova both look over.

JOEY (CONT'D)

You're a cop?

STRANAHAN

Detective. And I was. Past tense.

JOEY

Explains a lot. Well I'm gonna go in, Detective Mick. Thanks for... whatever.

Stranahan watches as Joey walks off...

DETECTIVE CORDOVA

Who is she?

STRANAHAN

No one.

EXT. THE EVERGLADES - WATER MONITORING STATION - DAY

A *Department of Water Management* Jeep Wrangler is parked atop a levee deep inside the lush Everglades.

Springer (Chaz's co-worker) waist deep in the swamp nearby, narrating into his phone as he *Periscopes* live--

SPRINGER

You might've noticed that I'm talking kind of loud right now - they say it scares off the gators. Let's hope they're right! Okay, now I need about a quart to get a full sample. Environmental science at its dullest!
(reacts to his phone)
Thanks for the hearts, guys. Just doing my job. And trying to keep my phone dry.

As he fills a sample container with water...

INT. WATER MANAGEMENT JEEP - DRIVING - DAY

Springer takes a hit off his vape pen as he cruises down this remote, rural road. Suddenly... *CRASH!*

A pick-up truck *SMASHES* into the back of the Jeep, whiplashing Springer's head.

SPRINGER

What the -- ?!

Springer clocks his rear-view--

Tool is at the wheel of his pick-up behind him. Tool guns it, pulling up alongside Springer and cutting his steering wheel hard, *SIDE-SWIPING* the Jeep violently --

Springer loses control, the Jeep fishtails, cartwheels over, and... *SPLASH!* Lands upside down in the swamp!

UNDERWATER

Springer's still seatbelted in the jeep, hanging upside down. He orients himself, fights with the seatbelt - finally get free. And just as he surfaces--

Tool is on him! He grabs Springer's head and holds him under water. Springer struggles, flailing his arms frantically...

But finally goes limp. Tool then calmly trudges back to his pick-up, pulling a bottle of *JIM BEAM* from the cab and taking a much needed swig.

He then tosses the bottle near the partially submerged Jeep.

TOOL

(mutters)
Don't drink and drive...

As Tool drives away...

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Joey approaches a DESK OFFICER.

JOEY

I need to speak to a detective. Or
file a complaint? I've never really
done this before.

DESK OFFICER

You want to report a crime?

Joey nods. The Desk Officer hands her a complaint form.

Joey takes a seat. She begins filling out the form. We see
her write the words, "My husband, Charles Perrone" - but
then she lowers her pen when she sees...

ON THE TV BEHIND THE DESK -- Holy shit, Chaz is on NBC 6
NEWS with the Attractive Reporter from earlier...

CHAZ

(on television)

*...To all you fisherman, jet-skiers,
windsurfers - anyone who's out there
on the water...*

INT. CHAZ'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Chaz microwaves a Hot Pocket, runs for the remote to turn up
the volume when he sees himself on TV --

CHAZ

(on television)

*...Please, I urge you, keep your
eyes peeled, and help bring my Joey
back home.*

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

BACK ON JOEY - going from shock to anger as...

CHAZ

(on television)

*The Coast Guard has given up. But I
haven't. I can't. And I'm offering a
\$100,000 reward. Thank you.*

INT. CHAZ'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Chaz watches proudly, mouthing the "thank you" as the news
story CUTS BACK to the ATTRACTIVE REPORTER Chaz met earlier.

ATTRACTIVE REPORTER
Very touching. And back to you, Peter.

Chaz grabs his iPad, goes to the NBC 6 website, clicks on the reporter's headshot...

...And then starts masturbating --

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Joey shakes her head, disgusted. Chaz is a giant piece of shit. And doesn't even have \$100,000. A decision is reached. She crumples up the complaint form and heads out...

INT. CHAZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Chaz clicks through a few more images of the attractive reporter, newsvan behind her, at crime scenes, etc. He's really going at it, but something is not right.

So Chaz changes tactics - clicks the *Photos* app and pulls up--

PICS OF JOEY - scrolling through - stopping on one of her in a bikini on the cruise. That seems to do the trick...

Chaz is approaching tissue time when there's a KNOCK on the door. Jerkus-interruptus. He puts his iPad away, zips up, and opens the door to find...

RICCA JANE SPILLMAN a feisty, voluptuous hairdresser who obviously has horrible taste in men--

RICCA
 It's been on the news all day - it's just awful! What happened?

CHAZ
 They don't know.

RICCA
 Do you think maybe she jumped?

CHAZ
 Why would she do that?

RICCA
 ...She found out about us?

CHAZ
 Absolutely not.

RICCA
 Well that's good. Did she find out about someone else?

CHAZ

Don't do that now. You're the only other one. Did anybody see you drive up? Where'd you park?

RICCA

Why are you so jumpy? It's fine. Of course I'm down the street.
(sexy smile)
And I brought a surprise. Something to turn your luck around.

She suddenly drops her sundress to the ground to reveal her naked body - Chaz's eyes go immediately downward...

CHAZ

Why is it green?

RICCA

I made it into a lucky clover.

CHAZ

Don't those have four leaves?

RICCA

I only had enough pubes for three.
It's not the 70's, Chaz, Jesus.

CHAZ

Why do they even make green hair dye? Women get that? On their heads?

RICCA

Chaz, this took me, like, an hour to do. With two mirrors.

CHAZ

I didn't even know you were Irish.

RICCA

I'm Cuban, you a-hole. Come on--

As she grabs his hand and pulls him towards the bedroom--

INT. CHAZ'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chaz and Ricca lay in bed, post non-coitus. Ricca puts a comforting hand on his shoulder--

RICCA

It's okay, baby.

CHAZ

I can't believe my dick is suddenly faithful to my goddamn wife.

RICCA

Baby, I was thinking. Are you gonna have a service for Joey? You probably should.

CHAZ

Christ, Ricca, it's been barely two days--

RICCA

I know, but... you obviously need some closure.

A KNOCK on the front door.

RICCA (CONT'D)

Leave it. They'll go away.

CHAZ

Just wait in here, okay?

Chaz pulls on sweatpants, heads out. Ricca looks down at her green clover, disappointed at the wasted effort.

INT. CHAZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Chaz, shirtless, opens the door, surprised to see Karla--

KARLA

Sorry to bother you at home, Dr. Perrone.

CHAZ

Oh. Hey. Wish you would have called. I could have put on a shirt--

KARLA

I was at your place of work earlier. Can I come in?

Chaz opens the door wider. Karla steps in. Chaz looks over at the bedroom, hoping Ricca doesn't come out naked.

CHAZ

Oh, I... didn't go in today. Too soon. You could have just--

KARLA

I wasn't going to see you. I was going to see your co-worker...
(checks notes)
Jamie Springer? Ask him if he knew you outside of work. If he ever met your wife. What your marriage was like. Things like that--

CHAZ

Wait, you're not suggesting that I had something to do with--

KARLA

Funny thing, though? I didn't get to meet Springer and ask him those questions. He wasn't at his office when he told me he would be. Nobody was. It was weird. So I followed up with his wife. She hasn't seen him and couldn't reach him either. Then she called back and asked me how long she had to wait before she could report him missing.

CHAZ

(genuine shock)
Jesus Christ.

KARLA

Another missing person in your little circle, can you believe it?

CHAZ

I'm sure he's fine. Probably at a strip club or something. I mean this guy Springer, if you met him--

KARLA

I hope I do. Get a chance to ask him those questions.

CHAZ

Yeah, me too. I promise he'll tell you that Joey and I--

KARLA

Just let me know if you hear from him, yeah? And sorry I don't have any news about Joey.

Karla leaves. Chaz closes the door behind her, his face contorting into a mask of concern...

INT. CHAZ'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Chaz enters to find Ricca, naked, rooting through his vanity.

RICCA

Where does Joey keep her razors?
(off his look)
The clover obviously wasn't working.

CHAZ
Put some clothes on. I gotta get
outta here for awhile.

RICCA
(excited)
Pollo Tropical?

EXT. CHAZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The garage door opens and Chaz and Ricca walk out - Chaz carrying the new set of golf clubs Joey bought him.

RICCA
I think you're being ridiculous.

CHAZ
I can't take you out, babe. It would
look terrible.

RICCA
Why are you so worried about
appearances? It's not like you threw
her overboard or anything... Right?

CHAZ
Of course not. Don't be crazy.

He tosses the clubs into the back of his Yellow Hummer.

RICCA
Can you at least drive me to my car?

CHAZ
Ricca, it's two houses down.

RICCA
Pichacorta.

CHAZ
English! Please! Jesus--

Chaz starts the Hummer and drives off as Ricca walks, annoyed.

ACROSS THE STREET - REVEAL JOEY WATCHING.

Angry. Sad. Suspicious. But mostly... angry. She stares at Ricca, shakes her head, then ducks behind an A/C unit as Ricca's car also drives off...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. CHAZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FOLLOW JOEY across the street and into...

HER BACKYARD. Where she heads over to the only tree in the yard, a scrawny black olive. Reaches into the bird feeder and pulls out a house key, covered in grackle droppings.

She wipes the bird shit off on the grass then heads for the back door...

INT. CHAZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joey enters and immediately stiffens when a newspaper on the kitchen counter catches her eye. The article headline reads:

"Coast Guard Searches for Missing Passenger: Local Woman Feared Drowned"

Joey remains still for several moments. Fighting emotion.

IN THE BEDROOM

Joey pulls open her dresser drawer. It's empty. Several more are empty. She throws open her closet - the entire thing is cleared out.

IN THE BATHROOM

Joey looks in the medicine cabinet, beneath the sink. Everything is gone.

JOEY

...Asshole.

Then something catches her eye in the sink. Are those... green... pubes???

IN THE GARAGE

Joey spots a super tall wardrobe box. She tentatively opens it. Fights tears as she pulls a black dress off the top.

Suddenly, the light turns on -- Joey gasps at the silhouette of the man holding a gun framed in the doorway.

STRANAHAN

You determined to get yourself killed?

JOEY

Jesus, Mick. You scared the shit out of me--

STRANAHAN

Found out you left the precinct and figured you'd come here. Didn't think you'd actually break in.

JOEY

(with an edge)

It's my house and I used a key,
Detective.

STRANAHAN

Are you somehow mad at me because I used to be a cop?

JOEY

I'm mad that you lied about it. Did you report me to your cop buddies? Tell them I was alive?

STRANAHAN

Probably should have but I prioritized saving you from yourself.

JOEY

Why do you care? You've been trying to get rid of me for the past two days--

STRANAHAN

Spent all this time trying to save you, be a shame for you to just get killed all over again.

JOEY

So gallant.

STRANAHAN

Can we argue somewhere else? He can come back any minute.

JOEY

...See this box, Mick? Chaz packed away my clothes. My jewelry. My shoes and makeup. My pictures and memories. It's my whole life. This one cardboard box. He's just erased me, like I was dirt. Kept the golf clubs though--

STRANAHAN

I'm sorry.

JOEY

That's it?

STRANAHAN

What else am I supposed to do?

JOEY

You could help me.

STRANAHAN

I am not going to kill your husband.

JOEY

I don't want to kill him. But I am not going to let him erase me from the world.

STRANAHAN

So what, then?

JOEY

Two things. I want to find out why he did it. And I want to ruin his life. And according to *The Sun Sentinel* I'm already presumed dead. A ghost. Seems like that could be some sort of advantage.

STRANAHAN

It's not a game, Joey.

JOEY

But it could be fun. Come on, Mick. You're a cop, there's a bad guy--

STRANAHAN

I'm suspended.

JOEY

Yeah, for what?

(off his silence)

From what I overheard, sounded like you're getting screwed somehow. Just like me. Don't you want to see justice served for once? At least vicariously?

STRANAHAN

I can't get involved in your little revenge fantasy.

JOEY

Why not? You have to get back to that boring, little island? Feed your dog? Talk to fish? Wouldn't you rather choose actual human contact this time? Hang out with me?

(MORE)

JOEY (CONT'D)
 (off his hesitation)
 Okay. I am going to gaslight my smug
 dirtbag of a husband. And you can
 arrest me and stop me or you can
 help me, but get out of my way because
 I am so done talking about it.

Joey takes her black dress and walks past Stranahan into the house...

INT. CHAZ'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey hangs her dress in the otherwise empty closet. After a beat...

STRANAHAN (O.S.)
 You really want him to suffer?

Joey turns and sees Stranahan holding up a bottle of her perfume (which he found in the box). He squirts some...

JOEY
 ...You're a genius.

OFF Joey's smile --

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

Chaz smashes a golf ball. Tees up another one, smash. Then another... smash... as if his sanity depends on it...

EXT. CHAZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stranahan and Joey walk towards his car. As he climbs in...

JOEY
 Thanks, Mick. For everything. I'll
 just get an Uber from here.

STRANAHAN
 You didn't take your phone, did you?

Joey holds up her iPhone.

STRANAHAN (CONT'D)
 As soon as you turn that thing on,
 you're back on the grid.

JOEY
 Oh. Mind giving me a lift, then?
 Drop me off at a motel.
 (then)
 ...Or does using my credit card make
 me like... pop up as well?

Stranahan sighs, then --

STRANAHAN

Get in. You can stay with me for a couple nights. Until you figure something else out.

JOEY

I don't want you thinking I'm some vulnerable chick you can take advantage of.

STRANAHAN

Don't I get a little credit for how I've behaved so far? I found you naked. Emotional and vulnerable. I didn't make any moves.

JOEY

...Like you've got moves.

STRANAHAN

Oh, I got moves. Don't worry. Put on some Sublime, acoustic. Couple glasses of wine. Then a little...

Stranahan does a little dance in his seat. Joey smiles--

JOEY

Women actually fall for that?

STRANAHAN

...Not really.

Joey laughs, then gets in the car. As they drive off...

INT. BROWARD COUNTY SHERIFF - HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

Karla walks passed numerous holding cells, talking with OFFICER BEAL, fresh-faced and eager.

OFFICER BEAL

We were told you wanted to see anything unusual that we found in the search area--

They arrive at an empty holding cell, where Beal motions to --

A BALE OF MARIJUANA laying on the floor, soaked through with sea water. Karla crouches down to get a closer look.

OFFICER BEAL (CONT'D)

Weird, huh? A day and a half and this is all the Coast Guard spotted.
(MORE)

OFFICER BEAL (CONT'D)

And the wrapping was damaged in two places.

Karla carefully probes the puckered fabric with a pen, paying close attention to the slender longitudinal furrows in the burlap wrapping.

Then she places her left hand over one of the divots in the bale. Then her right over the other...

OFFICER BEAL (CONT'D)

How about that...

The alignment is nearly perfect - each of Karla's fingers matches a rumpled groove in the cloth.

KARLA

I feel something hard underneath -
got a pair of tweezers by any chance?

OFFICER BEAL

Think in my purse--

She digs around and pulls out a pair, hands them to Karla, who uses them to carefully fish around in the bale of pot. After a moment, she pulls out what looks like --

OFFICER BEAL (CONT'D)

Is that the tip of a woman's
fingernail?

KARLA

Yup. Like she was hanging on for
dear life. If this matches Joey
Perrone, her body's gotta be somewhere
in the search area. Where *exactly*
did they find this?

OFF Karla, maybe this isn't such a weak case after all--

INT. CHAZ'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chaz walks in, pulling off his sweat-soaked shirt. His iPhone rings. He picks up the FaceTime call from Ricca. A pair of breasts appear on Chaz's iPhone's screen.

RICCA (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Ready to finish what we started
earlier-- ?

Ricca's face appears on his iPhone screen. Chaz suddenly stops when he spots...

A SINGLE BLACK DRESS

Dangling in the otherwise empty closet. What the fuck?

CHAZ

Did you bring an extra dress with
you earlier?

RICCA

Why would I bring two dresses? It's
not like I'm allowed to spend the
night. Is it?

CHAZ

Joey had one just like it. I mean,
identical.

RICCA

(peevied)

It's not mine, Chaz. Not unless I've
grown three inches and dropped twenty
pounds.

CHAZ

Okay. I swear I packed that up
yesterday.

Chaz stares at the dress, completely unnerved... Then
something else catches his attention. A *whiff* of something
familiar. As he cautiously lowers himself down and breathes
in the scent on Joey's pillow. *What the actual fuck?*

Then a THUNDEROUSLY LOUD KNOCK makes him jump...

FOYER

Chaz opens the door to reveal TOOL holding a case of green
tea kombucha, a bag of funyons, and one of his roadside death
marker crosses.

TOOL

Red said you wasn't supposed to leave
the house. Now you just bought
yourself a babysitter.

CHAZ

How did he know?

TOOL

Red keeps tabs when he loses trust
in people. Said I get to spank your
sorry ass, you don't listen to rules
again...

ON CHAZ, uh-oh. As Tool pushes his way inside...

EXT. STRANAHAN'S BOAT - NIGHT

ON Joey, the wind blowing her hair. She looks over at Stranahan who drives the boat. She smiles a little.

EXT. PRIVATE ISLAND - DOCK - NIGHT

The boat pulls alongside the dock. As Irma runs up to greet Joey, his nub of a tail wagging, welcoming them home...

JOEY

...I don't know her name, I've never seen her before. Maybe Chaz is using her because she works at a bank or something? They withdraw all my money before I'm declared dead?

STRANAHAN

Using the girlfriend to steal the wife's money would be the dumbest crime I've ever heard of. Doubly idiotic.

JOEY

Don't give Chaz too much credit for his shrewdness.

STRANAHAN

Whatever scheme he's got going on, we'll figure it out. I promise.

JOEY

(mind racing)

Hey, when you were a cop, did you ever learn to fly a helicopter?

STRANAHAN

Wasn't that kind of cop. Why?

JOEY

I just got another idea how we can *really* torture Chaz.

STRANAHAN

...Can we just have a couple glasses of wine first?

And as they walk up the dock towards the house, stealing glances at one another, "*What I Got*" by Sublime fades up on the soundtrack. Acoustic, of course...

FADE OUT.